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burgs and Jan Steens—delicious, soul-satisfying food and to be had in plenty for the asking, he would see the way to add that softness and ease to his painting which is all it wants to make its truth enjoyed, to give it charm. For it is charm that his pictures lack; they have skill, intellectual observation, the art in them is good of its kind, but we do not yet love them. And pictures were meant to love. I often think of two sayings—one, of a famous and great artist, the other, of a simple-hearted man and poor king. Said Meissonier, speaking of Turner, "Here is plenty of poetry, and no painting." Said Louis XVI. to Madame Le Brun: "I know nothing about painting, but you make me love it." It is because Meissonier's pictures have plenty of painting but no poetry that they cannot live. And it is because Turner has poetry that he lives in spite of his bad painting.

But there are painters in plenty who have both the art and the charm, and it is for this that we love Terburg's girl in that picture in the Treppenhuis at Amsterdam, of which Goethe has recorded his admiration, of whose face we know no more than we do of the other side of the moon. We are more interested in her than we can ever be in a whole harem of Bougereau's insipidities or Cabanel's green-sickness girls. And it is for this that we would not exchange the head of a lady by Alfred Stevens, shown here, for an acre of Gérôme's "Bashi-Bazouks," though this be in its way a first-rate specimen of the artist's skill. There are other good painters here not fairly represented—Domingo, I was about to say, remembering his large group of soldiers playing at cards, and forgetting his little head of a rural deputy with its sparkling life under its shaggy coat. Not but that some equal life may be seen in some of the guardsmen's heads, but the effect of the whole canvas is thin and metallic.

Feyen-Perrin, too, a delightful painter, at times, was not here at his best, with his oyster-women à la Raphael, though the distance with its groups was worthy of his fine hand, and there was a frankness in his way of using his studies of Raphael in this way that did him credit. Jean Béraud, the painter of salons, was not seen to much advantage in the open air, but the naturalness of his attitudes and action never forsakes him; he reminds me of our own Eakins in the certainty with which he seizes the very form and pressure of the time. But, Mr. Eakins has the advantage in the variety of his models. Yet in the picture by Béraud the visitor could not fail to note the difference in character of these persons going to and fro on the Pont des Arts—members of the Institute, cabmen, ouvriers, and the pretty girl who gives life and grace to the hour. All is true and delicately touched, but Béraud has done more interesting things. Let me note, in passing, a landscape by Munthe, hung high but not unfavorably seen—a red sunset struggling through rifts of heavy clouds in a gray sky, and reflected in the pools of melting snow in the trampled road. This was one of the best landscapes in the exhibition.

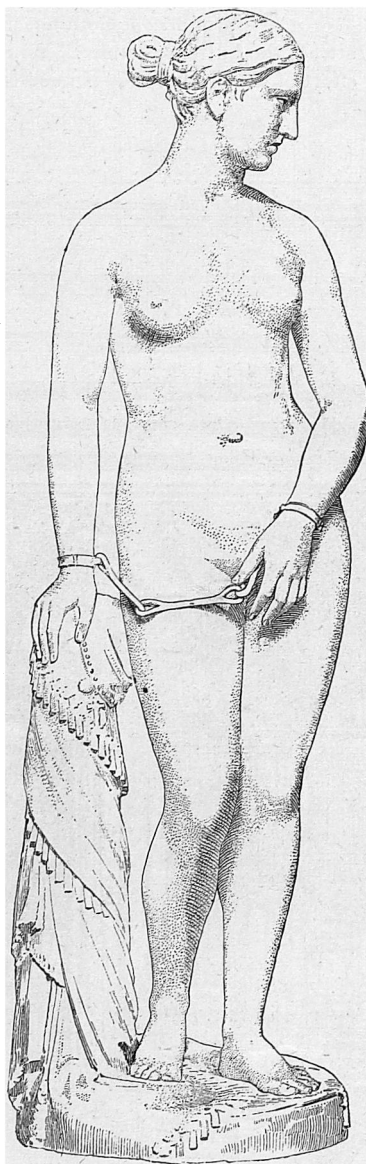
I have said nothing thus far of the French landscapes, by Rousseau, by Diaz, by Dupré, by Corot, by Fromentin, that so abounded in this collection. I do not remember that I ever before saw so many together in any one place. I have preferred to speak of the works of artists less known, and about whom less has been said, and I will confess, too, that I have not found these artists so interesting as, no doubt, I ought to have done. Diaz is not an artist of whom one can with pleasure or profit see very much at one time, and twenty-two of his canvases I have found too much. He is, it is true, essentially a picture-maker, but he works so evidently after a receipt, and shows so little observation, and so little variety, that it is seldom we carry away a distinct impression of any picture. And yet, with all his picture-making, he is not always pictorial. His large landscapes often make only a heavy blot upon the wall, for he so seldom balances and relieves the masses of his foliage with masses of sky. Rousseau, on the other hand, is full of observation and of variety, and was well seen in Brooklyn, albeit some of the pictures most important in size were of little intrinsic value, and of no value at all as representing the talent of the artist. Among the smaller Rousseaus, I liked best one without a number, a red sun struggling through a dense forest, and reflected here and there in straggling pools in the foreground and middle distance. There were

one or two reasonable Duprés in the exhibition, but the impossible ship battling with a fancy sea beneath a sky of pure invention was not among them. Such a composition as this would pass muster on a Chinese dinner-plate, but it was not to be allowed because Dupré painted it.

CLARENCE COOK.

PARIS NOTES.

THE opening of the Manet Exhibition at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts was a phenomenal success from the point of view of numbers and curiosity. More than 8000 people came on the opening day, and the crowd was so dense that the visitors were only admitted in squads. Such an event has never been known before in the annals of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. This phenomenon is to be explained by the fact that Manet's friends have made a tremendous fuss about the whole affair, advertised it, had it puffed in the



"THE GREEK SLAVE." BY HIRAM POWERS.
IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

papers, and even published books about it. This excessive admiration and this attempt to do violence to the admiration of others will do Manet's memory no good; on the contrary. Furthermore the organizers of the exhibition would have been wiser if they had made a selection of Manet's works instead of hanging up the whole of the contents of his studio. Now, after all said and done, and now that the French artists and the enlightened public, too, for that matter, recognize that Manet was not a mere charlatan or a lunatic, we come inevitably to this conclusion: Manet is interesting not so much for his own work, which is almost always unsatisfactory, insufficient in execution, and full of technical shortcomings, but for the influence that he exercised on his young contemporaries, for his striking sincerity and truthfulness of observation as regards tone and color.

MM. Gérôme, Carolus Duran, Boulanger, Baudry, Duez, Roll, Guillaumet, Lansyer and other French artists have addressed a petition to the Senate calling attention to the fraud and counterfeiting of French objects of art, and demanding the immediate dis-

cussion of M. Bardoux's proposition relative to the question of artistic property. On the other hand, the Société libre des Artistes have chosen out of their committee of ninety a sub-committee charged with studying the means of creating an agency destined to watch over and collect the artists' dues on reproductions and sales made by publishers and dealers in prints, engravings, bronzes, terra-cottas, photographs, etc., and, in short, to do for the painters what the Société des Gens de Lettres and the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques does for the literary men.

The regulations for the next triennial Salon have been published. The exhibition will be held from May 1st to June 15th, 1886, in the Palais de l'Industrie, and will be open to the works of French and foreign artists, which have not figured at the annual exhibitions anterior to 1878, at the universal exhibitions and at the National Salon of 1883. The number of works that each artist can offer is unlimited.

The situation of miniature painting at the present day is curious. There is no lack of painters of talent, only miniatures are not à la mode except as bibelots. The consequence is that the talent of the modern miniaturists is devoted almost exclusively to the production of pseudo-antique miniatures, either direct copies or else compositions in the old style. All the great miniaturists of the last century, Blarenberghe, Hall, Cosway, Dumont, Heinsius, Charlier, Augustin, Fragonard, Verrin, have been copied and imitated with such success that the very copyists themselves sometimes cannot say for certain which is the copy and which the model. There is hardly a collection of miniatures where some of these copies and imitations are not to be found. It is curious to remark that in less than three weeks after the opening of the Exposition of the Eighteenth Century in Paris at the end of last year, an exhibition in which were several remarkable collections of miniatures containing works of several artists hitherto comparatively unknown, the Paris dealers were provided with a sufficient stock of choice works of the hitherto unknown artists in question, doubtless copied or inspired from the works exhibited in the Exposition of the Eighteenth Century.

M. Bouguereau's Salon picture, if finished in time, will be a big canvas representing the "Birth of Bacchus" and containing some twenty figures.

M. Gustave Jacquet is devoting himself almost exclusively to portrait painting, and his models are the most high-nosed ladies of the noble faubourg or of the world of finance—Mme. de Courval, Mme. Gustave de Rothschild and the Vicomtesse Greffuhle. These ladies are being painted in ball dress of the epoch of Henri II. or of Louis XV. Another noble and fashionable lady, the Vicomtesse de Gilly, has had her portrait painted by Saint Pierre in a costume Anne of Austria. Costume portraits threaten to become altogether à la mode.

PARIS, January 26, 1884.

T. C.

"THE GREEK SLAVE."

THE familiar marble statue of "The Greek Slave," by Hiram Powers, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is to be sold. It is not generally known, we believe, that it was the property of the late Honorable E. W. Stoughton, United States Minister to Russia. Powers made five replicas from the original work, which was finished in Florence in 1843. The first, sold to Captain Grant, was taken to England, and is now in the gallery of the Duke of Cleveland; the second, which in 1847 was exhibited in New York and attracted great attention, is now in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington; the Earl of Dudley owns the third; Prince Demidoff owned the fourth, and at his death it was bought by the late A. T. Stewart for \$11,000. The fifth, and the last replica, is that now in the Metropolitan Museum, for which Mrs. Stoughton has commissioned Mr. John Chadwick to find a buyer. Powers thought this one the best of the six, and in making the slave's chain with the Grecian or rectangular link instead of the round Roman link, he gave it a final touch which distinguished it from the others. It is too late now to criticise so well known a work as this of Hiram Powers, which is undoubtedly that upon which his reputation is best established. It is not too much to say, however, that no work of sculpture by an American, before or since, has attracted so much attention at home or abroad.